

A WINTER THOUGHT.

“The winter is a pretty wint’r,
Days’ bright, sun and gray;
We think the time excepts from the earth
All that’s green and gray.
But don’t be a poor wif’;
Of course and gentle art,
Who loves a child and gentle art
Of blossoms in the bough.
When he departs to dream wind-t.
The dreams of summer’s tree,
In atmosphere of sparkling frost
Upon the window-pane?”
—S. E. Winkfield, in Harper’s Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

“Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When we’ve had mines pie and doughnuts,
Turkey, oaks and real live oysters.”
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

McWatters—“I hear Hugo, the
terrorist, has broken his back?”
McWatters—“Well, that’s a funny
snap!”—Syracuse Post.

The centre-board of a yacht is most
important in a race, but on a pleasure-
trip the side-board is most thought of,
—New Orleans Picayune.

She—“These horrid photographs
don’t do justice at all.” He—“My
love, it’s not justice you stand in need
of, it’s mercy.”—New York Ledger.

“You are my other name
Might be so fragrant, still,
We’d all be just as penniless
When settling up the bill.”
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Twenty per cent. of the Chicago
women who registered did not vote at
the late election. It is evident that
Tuesday is bargain-day in Chicago.—
Rochester Herald.

Teacher (to class)—“In this stanza
what is meant by the line ‘The
shades of night were falling fast?’”
Clever Scholar—“The people were
pulling down the blinds.”—Tit-Bits.
Some these days the tide will turn,
Though the river looks long and dim;
But while you’re waitin’ you’d better learn
To swim, my boy, to swim!”

—Atlantic Constitution.

Intimate Friend—“Has your
husband’s love grown cool?” Sarcastic
Wife—“Oh, no. He loves himself
just as much now as he did when we
were married twenty years ago.”—
Somerville Journal.

“Did I understand you to say that
Thompson was a farmer?” “Good
gracious, no! I said he made his
money in wheat. You never heard of a
farmer doing that, did you?”—Indianapolis Journal.

In a suburban Boston pulpit last
Sunday morning this notice was read:
“The pastor will preach his last ser-
mon this evening, and the choir has
arranged a special praise service for
the occasion.”—Philadelphia Ledger.

The pen may be mightier than the sword,
But many a man is willing
To let his little typewriter
Is over so much more killing.”

—Puck.

Traveler (to train-boy)—“Got any
funny books—Mark Twain or any
of the humorists?” Train-Boy—“No,
sir; but I’ve got a couple of London
papers containing comments on the
American elections,”—Chicago Record.

Minnie—“Did you hear about Mol-
ly’s fiance falling off the trolley car
and breaking his arm?” Mamie—
“Yes. I wonder if he will sue the
company for damages?” Minnie—“I
guess not. I shouldn’t wonder if she
does though.”—Cincinnati Tribune.

Father (to son who is just going out
in the world)—“And remember one
thing—never marry a gal as is richer
than yourself. When I married your
mother I had five dollars and she had
twelve and a half, and she never ceased
to throw it up in my face yet.”—
Judge.

Diamonds Are Hard.

After perfect rubies and emeralds,
and perhaps after great pearls, comes
the diamond in value. This, too, has
a range of colors, the most prized being
red, blue, green and water-white,
while brown or gray jingles are not
quite so highly esteemed. The Koh-i-
Noor, of 102 carats, ranks low in point
of size with some of the world’s great
stones—for instance with the Great
Mogul, 279 carats in weight. Diamond
is the hardest mineral known, brittle
though it be; heads do not effect it,
and it is also the only combustible
gem. It has high refractive and
dispersive powers (“fire”), and some
specimens become phosphorescent by
the action of light. It usually occurs
as an eight-sided crystal.—New York
Times.

He Dotes on Dog.

The Cleveland papers report the
curious case of Mrs. Charles Umland,
of that city, who had her husband ar-
rested for alleged assault and battery.
It came out in court that the cause of
the domestic unkindness was her
refusal to cook dog for Charles on the
family stove. Her energetic re-
monstrance against his efforts to convert
the children to his own views as to the
unkindness of that viand provoked him to violence. Charles
promised the justice to keep the peace
in the family, and was let go with a
sentence from the bench. Subsequently
he told a reporter that he had been
eating dog flesh for seven years past
and prefers it to chicken.—Atlantic
Constitution.

Lucky Hunt.

Precious stones are numerous in cer-
tain districts of India, but the rajahs
who own the property are jealous of
all strangers, and resent all trespassing.
Occasionally a fine gem is found
by a sportsman or traveler. A party of
English officers was out one day shooting
on the estate of a patry chief, but
bagged little game.

On the return from the hunt a young
officer picked up a stone which lay in
his path, and idly threw it against a
rock. It broke into a dozen pieces, and
out tumbled a beautiful, brilliant
pebble. The Englishman picked it up,
looked at it, and was about to throw it
away, but changed his mind, and
thrust it into his pocket, remarking as
he did so:

“I’ll keep this thing as a memento
of my hunt at this beastly place, where
I didn’t shoot so much as a rat.”

Arrived at Bombay, the officer
dropped into a jeweler’s store to have
his watch repaired. While at the counter
his hand came in contact with the
pebble which he still carried in his
pocket. He showed it to the jeweler,
and said:

“Here’s a nice stone I found. What’ll
you give me for it?”

The man looked at the stone, and
after examining it carefully, answered,
“I’ll give you 100 rupees for it.”

Had the jeweler offered a shilling, he
might have been told to take the stone
and keep the shilling, as the officer had
not up to that time thought his find of
any value; but the offer of 100 rupees,
about \$50, awoke his suspicions that he
had a fine diamond, and he re-
sponded with a laugh.

“I dare say you would give me that
and a trifle more, but I’m going to take
it to England with me.”

He did so, and sold his pebble in
London for over three thousand pounds.

CHEMISTRY IN INDIA.

Some Curious Answers Given by
Natives in a Written Examination.

The uncivilized nations are like chil-
dren in their simplicity and guilelessness.
Every adult knows what odd
questions a child will ask and what
curious explanations they are in the
habit of giving. Nothing could equal
the childlike simplicity of the questions
lately given in an examination in
chemistry held in an Indian university.

Sulphur is a smellful gas. Nitrogen
is a remarkably lazy gas and is good
for nothing. Carbon always exists in
a dark room. There is no living being
in the whole world that does not con-
tain carbon.

Gas is made by filling a poker with
coal and heating it. Chlorine gives
botheration to the throat. Hydrogen
is a colorless, invincible gas and burns
itself without anybody’s help. Nitric
acid is used in the preparation of cur-
rant electricity. It is very bad for
teachers to pour it on our hands.

Soda is formed by heating castor oil
and potash. Caustic soda is used in the
manufacture of soda water, and this is
used in medicine for purgative pur-
poses. Caustic soda is used as a sum-
mer drink. Quicklime is made by pour-
ing water on slaked lime. We can eat
this substance (CaO); it has the power
of digesting food.

Lime is used as a kind of gum for
builders to stick bricks together.”

Speech of an African Prince.

Prince Ademuyiwa of Pebu Remo, in
West Africa, was lately entertained
at lunch by the Lord Mayor of London
at the Mansion House, then taken in
a state coach to the Guildhall, where he
sat through a session of the Common
Council and made a speech to it in Eng-
lish, which the Council directed should
be entered on its record. Here is the
speech: “The Right Honorable Lord
Mayor, My Lord and Honorable Mem-
bers of the Corporation: I feel I shall
not be doing justice to myself and peo-
ple if I were to leave this court with-
out returning you my hearty and sincere
thanks for the honor paid me in
allowing me here and to seat next the
Lord Mayor. I have been made, whilst
seating here, to believe the more that
knowledge is power; that free liberty of
speech is the great boon of the Eng-
lish nation; that the secret of your
greatness is the Bible, and that I was
not mistaken when I advised my cou-
sin, the King of Jebu Remo, an inde-
pendent native State, West Africa, to ac-
cept a British resident and place the
country under Her Majesty’s protec-
tion, and that he will be left to his in-
dependence to manage the internal af-
fairs of his kingdom. I again return
you my sincere thanks, and wish you
God’s blessing. Good-by.”

Discourages High Buildings.

A law has gone into force in Wash-
ington prohibiting any building over
110 feet high on a business street and
ninety feet high on other streets.

Electric Wires.

Some writer very aptly likens the nerves
to electric wires, and the general working of
their system to that of electric cars. A man
who “sips his trolley” like Mr. Jeremiah
Eddy, 1627 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.,
will need something better than even a
giant battery to set him all right. Mr. Eddy
found that something in the following way:
“I suffered,” he says, “a long time with
neuritis in the hand. I gave Dr. Jacobs Oil
a fair trial and am entirely cured.” In this
way the great remedy acts as a motorman to
renew broken wires, and sets the system to
perfect action.

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day.
Don’t spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-
batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day’s buckwheats
with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear
old lady, she was up to the good old times. But
these are days of Royal Baking Powder—fresh-
ness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of
to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one
cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal
Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt,
all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a
thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the “Royal” in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Husband’s Grievance.

All things have their limits and im-
perfections, even woman’s taste in mat-
ters of dress. The Indianapolis Jour-
nal represents a “worried-looking”
man as saying:

“My wife has the poorest kind of
taste about dress.”

“Indeed!” answered his neighbor.
“I always understood from my women
folks that she was one of the best
dressers in town.”

“Oh, that is all right enough. But
I’m talking about my own clothes. She
thinks two \$15 suits a year are plenty
enough for me.”

We think Piso’s Cure for Consumption is the
only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINKHARD,
Springfield, Illinois, October 1, 1894.

LINENE CUFFS
REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasse

The “LINENE” are the Best and Most Econom-
ical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine
cloth, both sides finished alike, and being revers-
ible, they fit well, wear well and look well. A box of
Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five
Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six
Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Elby St., Boston.

**AXION
ELASTIC
TRUSS**

RUPTURE CURED

POSSIBLY THE
HIGHEST &
FINEST RUPTURE
Worn night and day. Has
an Adjustable Pad which
can be made larger or
smaller to suit changing
condition of RUPTURE.
Illustr. Cat. sent securely
sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Wanted—“gents for Safety Odorless
Cigars. The article is made in the
factory to make more selling.
Our agent reports 20 sold the 6th
day; another 25 in two days; and her
100 in ten days. Send 25 stamp for cir-
cular. J. H. DAY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent
Charles A. Baldwin & Co., Wall St., N. Y.

CENTS WANTED. One earned \$4,000;
many over \$1,000 in 1894. P. O. 1371, New York.

**PISO’S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.**
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

You are all right

IF!

your Stomach,
Liver and Bowels
are performing
their functions
properly...

IF NOT!

ARIPANS TABULE
will do the work.

EASILY Carried in Pocket
Taken.

50 Cents a Box.
At Druggists.

**W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE** IS THE BEST.
FIT FOR A KING.

\$3. CORDOVAN FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.

\$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES

\$2.50 32 WORKMEN’S

\$2.50 32 BOY’S SCHOOL SHOES

LADIES’

\$3.25 32.1/2 BEST DONGERS

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Over One Million People wear the

W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory

They give the best value for the money.

The equal fashion since a style and fit.

Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.

The prices are uniform, — stamped on sole.

From \$1 to \$3, saved over other makes.

If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

DENISON JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

Successfully Prosecuted Claims.

Law Principals. Examines, settles, and
disposes of all claims, by arbitration.

From \$1 to \$100,000,000.

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advice as to patentability of inventions.

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John W. Morris, Washington, D. C.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Legislature is in session. The editor says that geography and all

It does not refer to the session.

has been built in a object of beauty and all

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Attempted Robbery.

A very sensational occurrence took place at the residence of Mr. William H. Dilley, at Dilley's Mill on Monday night of last week. Mr. Dilley's house is isolated, there being no near neighbors. It is known as the chief stopping place for travelers between Dunmore and Huntington. About sunset of that night a well dressed tramp came to the house by a path which he could only have discovered by making a detour from the public road. He asked to stop for the night, stating that he had no money to pay for his lodging. He was taken in to be given a night's lodging.

About eighteen months ago Mr. Dilley's father's house, in this neighborhood, was ransacked and robbed, and since then it has been his custom to lock and bolt his doors at dusk. That night everything was locked and made secure as usual. The stranger, who had given no name, was evidently acting a part and endeavoring to appear a wild and unreasoning crank, but his part was not well assumed and his listeners could but suspicion that he was not as foolish as he would make it appear.

About 8 o'clock the stealthy footsteps of a group of men were heard on the porch, and instantly the door was tried. The rattling continued for some minutes until Mr. Dilley stood armed before it with a Winchester rifle and pistol. Ligon Marshall stood watch over the tramp stranger.

Just as Mr. Dilley was about to fire through the door, and the party in the house had remained as silent as those trying to force an entrance, the stranger uttered a loud, weird cry that curdled the blood of the inmates of the house, and which was unmistakably a signal of danger to the attacking party. Those outside retreated instantly. Then the stranger begged to be allowed to go, but he was refused the privilege. Mr. Dilley accusing him of being in league with the house-breakers. Directly Mr. Dilley opened the door pistol in hand, and the tramp slipped by him and ran.

Mr. Dilley followed but lost his trail, and on going to his brother's Amos Dilley, to warn him to look well to his horses, found him there. The distance between the houses is about two miles.

This was undoubtedly an attempt to rob the proprietor of that lonely house at Dilley's Mill, and fits in with the plan pursued in all the robberies which have occurred so frequently in the last four years. The thieves come in the evening between supper-time and bed-time, hold up the inmates of the house and go through it systematically. The only thing which foiled them in this attempt was the precaution that the owner of this house had taken according to his invariable practice of locking his doors at dusk, and opening them only when the voice of him who is seeking admittance is recognized.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895. Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week.

For catalogues and other information apply to J. D. SWETT, Principal, CONCORD CHURCH, CONCORD CO., W. Va.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction, on Tuesday, April the 1st, 1895, the following property, to wit:

2 head of horses,
4 head of mitch cows,
4 two-year-olds,
3 one year old,
4 head of hogs,
some geese.

Household and kitchen furniture, farming implements, carpenter tools, etc. Terms made known on day of sale. PRANT A. BURRARD, Auctioneer.

THE NEW COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL.

Pocahontas' New House of Justice, and Her Magnificent Mansion for the Criminal.

A DESCRIPTIVE PEN PICTURE.



BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

The wonderful development and growth in values of Pocahontas County in the half decade just passed, may be readily illustrated by relative comparison, and the rapid strides of improvement are shown by examination of her new courthouse and jail recently completed.

Briefly, the court-house is a well-designed piece of architecture of the most modern design. The building proper is sixty-six feet by seventy-two feet. Consisting of three floors. The basement consists of six rooms and two large halls. In this basement are four large heaters or furnaces, which heat the entire building throughout, and will say just here they have been well tested.

The basement has four furnace rooms, one sanitary room, one storage room, one fresh air room, and one foul air room. This basement story is built of stone, and finished with hard finish on all walls.

The floors are all grouted and finished with a smooth Portland cement. One exit from this basement is up a flight of stairs made of native Pocahontas oak. Here we land in the side or cross-hall of the first story floor. We find this hall to be fourteen feet wide and thirty two feet long, with a fourteen foot wall to ceiling. We then enter the main hall, which is ten by seventy-two feet. From this main hall we gain entrance to all the county offices. First the County Clerk's office which is sixteen by thirty feet. Leading from this room we enter a large fire-proof vault, nine by fourteen feet, with walls of brick twenty two inches thick. The floors and ceilings are made of concrete, and supported by large steel beams, with arches of brick, and finished with Portland cement. The openings are secured with Manly Mfg's. best fire proof steel shutters of the very latest design; the door opening is closed on the inside by a pair of double steel doors, with an outside door of heavy steel with a combination lock. We find the vaults absolutely fire-proof in every respect.

From this hall we again enter a room. This room will be occupied by the County Court. We find this room well lighted with fine ventilation. The exit from this room is through a pair of double doors leading into the main hall. We then pass into the two elegant rooms of the Prosecuting Attorney, which are lighted by the large windows four by eight feet. In this room there is an artistic ebonyized panel of the Queen Elizabeth design. The windows are hung with Gardner's Sash Ribbon, as are all the windows throughout the building.

Now we pass into the office of the Sheriff, which is a beauty with its oak and oil finish of gloss.

The next room is that of the Sheriff's Clerk, which is a fair sample of the County Clerk's office, with a vault of the same construction. Then we enter the tower room. This room will be occupied by the County Surveyor.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 18th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb pollevil, fistula, and hives. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.
Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeil, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BELLARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1256m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses
at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or
month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

-RETAIL-

Marlinton Grocery

-HOUSE-

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. Va.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room 19, Beatty Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.

J. R. PAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Go to Golden's for good goods.

The average human life has increased five per cent. in the past twenty-five years.

About two per cent., or one penny in fifty, which reaches the United States Sub-Treasury is thrown out as a bad coin, being either damaged or a counterfeit.

Think of the money lying idle in Europe when the Russian loan of \$75,000,000 was subscribed for forty times over, in twelve hours, exclaims the *St. Louis Star-Sayings*.

The Queen of Sweden, who has always taken an interest in Swedish hospitals and the nursing of the sick, had the first experiments made in Sweden with the new cure for diphtheria.

Russia is advancing rapidly in military civilization. For an instance, the *St. Louis Star-Sayings* relates, that the lance shafts of her Cossacks are now fitted to be used as punt poles or as the handles of scythes with which to cut hay on the march.

From returns received at the British War Office it is estimated that the number of noncommissioned officers and men entitled to the Queen's medal for long and meritorious service, running from twenty to thirty-four years in many cases, is over 30,000.

The New York *Advertiser* is reminded that General Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. General Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave." Political denunciation seems to have grown decidedly tame in these later years.

The surrender by the Mosquito Indians of their rights under the treaty of Managua leaves Nicaragua in complete sovereignty over the Mosquito reserve, and puts an end to Great Britain's pretensions to the right of protectorate over the reservation. The New York *Mail* and *Express* states that no fear remains of British interference with the Nicaragua Canal Company's right of transit across the isthmus.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin has issued an order to Collector Kilbrett, of New York, directing that, until further notice, the inspection of luggage brought by passengers on transatlantic vessels shall not be stopped at sunset, as was done upon the recent arrivals of the Teutonic and Westerland. Hereafter, if the inspection has been begun before sunset, all the luggage must be passed without interruption, thus saving passengers unnecessary inconvenience.

An ostrich farmer in Southern California says in the *New York Sun* that the ostrich farming experiment is not an entire success, although not a complete failure. He was one of the first to engage in the business of raising the big birds for their feathers, and expected to realize a big fortune quickly. He says that, while much money has been derived from the sale of feathers, the birds do not increase as rapidly as was expected. Then, very many are so vicious that it is impossible to remove the feathers without killing them. He still hopes that, as the farmers gain more experience in the management of the ostriches, the business may become as big a success as was at first expected.

A damage suit, in which the jury found for the plaintiff, has been closed in the St. Louis County Court, at Clayton, Mo., which it is believed, has no precedent in the courts of the United States or England. The case was one, *relating to the Atlantic Constitution*, in which the father claimed and got a verdict for \$5000 for the death of his son, who was killed by a railroad train. It was proved that the boy was standing alongside the track when the train rushed by at a high rate of speed and that he was buried to the ground and forced under the cars by the current of air made by the swift motion of the train. Deep interest has been manifested in the peculiar and new factors in the case, the outcome of which in the higher courts is likely to open up a new field of action for damages against railroads.

THE RIDDLE OF WRECK.

Dark hemlocks, seventy and seven,
High on the hill-slope sigh in dream,
With gummy heads in heaven;
They silver the sunbeam.
One broken body of a tree,
Stabbed through and slashed by lightning
Is.
Crowned and grim to see,
Hangs o'er the bushed ravine.
A hundred masts, a hundred more,
Crowd close against the sunset fire
Their late adventure o'er.
They mingle with the spires.
But goss is lying prone, alone,
Where gleaming gulls to seaward swoop,
White sand of burial blown
In sheets about its sleep.
When lightning's leashed and sea is still,
Ye sacrificial mysteries dread,
Sepulcres of shore and hill.
Your riddle may be real.

—Helen Gray Cone, in the *Century*.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM.

BY M. BABBINGTON BAYLEY.



She was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed

her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illuminated by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigal streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse bounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant.

There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steady a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, freehand young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been bred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?"

She lifted her eyes from her needle. "Not to-night."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening to-night, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly.

He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me to-night, if you will."

She looked at him in amazement.

"Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theatre," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom.

It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see it. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well,

which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom began to feel the ecstasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom. "We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous flirtations rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.

"Dolly—very humbly—"I'm awfully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

Still severe silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

The gray eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he said again.

She found her voice at length.

"I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course, I forgive you, but you oughtn't to have done it."

"I am really very sorry, Dolly," he said, repeatedly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you must take my arm and hold it tightly. We are going to catch it."

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely than in less two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

"We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.

"Not very, thank you," she replied.

"Are you?"

"I? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

A Useful Python.

Once, while passing through a Dutch farm, writes the author of "Three Years With Lo Bengula," in Africa, I went up to the house to buy some eggs; standing in front of the door was a large barrel, and while passing I carelessly tilted it up to see what was inside, but promptly let it down again, as there was a big python underneath. The Dutchman told me he had shot at the snake some mouths previously, and a few grains entering the head, the reptile appeared to become stupefied and unable to move quickly.

He then dragged it home, and extracted the fangs, and it gradually became tame. The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night, never attempting to get away or do any damage; in fact, they found it useful for killing rats and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel. The children fed the snake, and played with it. I saw one of the little Dutch boys drag it out, and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs, which it swallowed. When they teased the python, it made a hissing noise and reared up on its tail; they were not a bit frightened, and would catch hold of it by the head, and drag it along the ground over their shoulders.

An Eye to Business.

A proposal having been made in London that boxes should be erected in public thoroughfares for the reception of orange-peel and matches, recalls the story told of a young gentleman of excellent principles walking with an eminent surgeon. As they neared his house, the lad kicked away a piece of orange-peel that lay on the pavement into the road. The surgeon said, "My dear boy, what are you about?" and replaced it exactly opposite his own door.—Argonaut.

The slashes or openings in an outer garment to show the one beneath were formerly called *panes*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO DESTROY ANTS.

They may be kept from climbing by tying wool round the stems and stakes and putting pine tar on them. Trace to their haunts and pour boiling water on them. To drive from their haunts, dig the dirt and mix with gas lime. To kill them, pour over their nests at night a strong decoction of elder leaves or turn a flower-pot over with the hole stopped; the ants will build up into it and thousands may be destroyed.

ON CAKE BAKING.

For baking most kinds of cake the oven should be rather slow. If it be too hot when sponge cake is baking the cake will sometimes rise very high and fall again. In any case, it will be coarse grained and tough. A good test for sponge cake is to put a piece of white paper into the oven, close the door and open it in five minutes. If the paper is a rich yellow the oven is right, but if it be light yellow the oven is too cool, or if a dark brown it is too hot.

THE KITCHEN TOWELS.

Housewives are sometimes debarred from the use of *crash* for kitchen towels by its cost, as well as by the fact that it needs to be partly worn before it makes really good towels. Now that fashion sanctions the use of this very serviceable material for toilet articles as well as aprons, it may be economically used in that way first, and then descend to the more utilitarian household uses

A SUGAR MILL.

OLD AND NEW PROCESSES IN LOUISIANA.

Getting the Cane in the Roller Mill—Boiling the Extracted Juice—The Modern Way of Making Sugar.

If a Michigan chemist realizes his expectations, says the Chicago Record, the sawmills in the North will become active competitors of the Louisiana sugar plantations. This unknown scientist declares that he can make granulated sugar out of sawdust, and in support of the claim he exhibits a substance which looks, smells and tastes like glucose. He says that he first converts the sawdust into starch and then turns the starch into sugar, which, he declares, crystallizes into a pretty granulated sugar as was ever turned out of a sugar trust refinery. But his most astonishing claim is that when he has perfected his process he will have no use for a tariff or bounty, for he will make sugar cheaper than Cuba, China, Germany (or any other country) can possibly produce it.

While he has been working on his sawmill sugar the beet-sugar makers of Nebraska and California have been endeavoring to cheapen their processes, and the farmers have been learning how to develop and improve the sugar beet so as to secure not only larger



A FIELD OF SUGARCANE.

beets and more to the acre, but a greater per cent. of sugar in the beets.

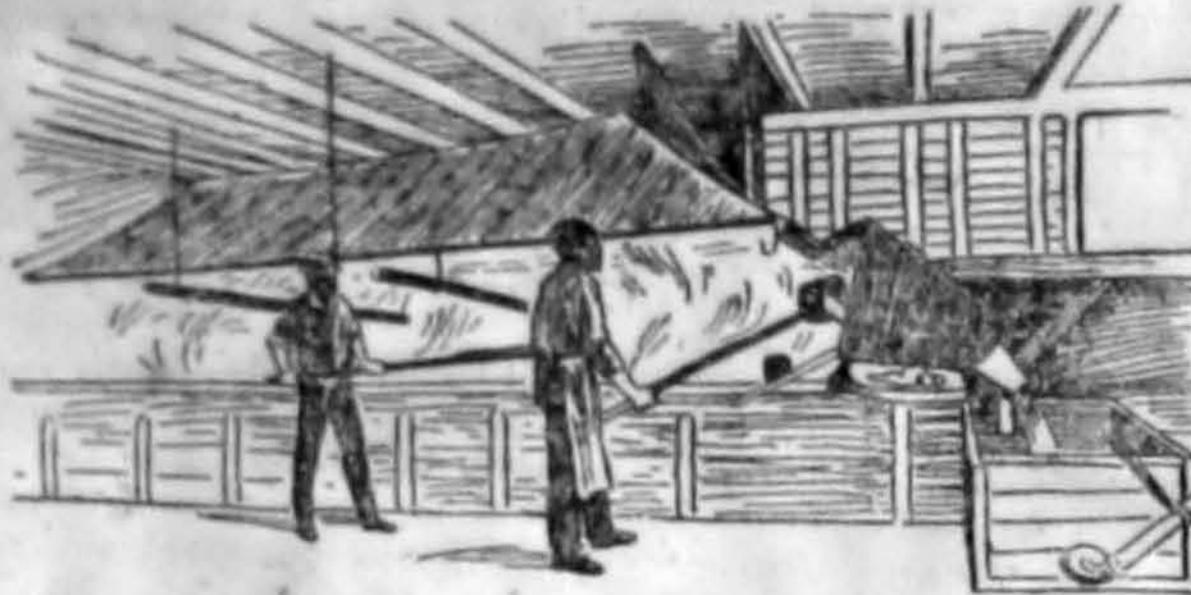
The reason for all this activity and enterprise is found in the fact that Louisiana sugar planters produce only about one-sixth of all the sugar that is consumed in the United States, and as the area of the sugarcane-growing section is limited the sugar producer must look to sugar beets and "early amber" corn to make up the other five-sixths of the sugar. As it is, the beets of Nebraska and California only produced one twenty-fifth as much sugar as was raised in Louisiana last year, or only 1-150th of the total amount consumed in this country in 1893.

In the sugar mills of Louisiana machinery has taken the place of the hands who used to grow sleek and fat during the sugar season, for the old-fashioned open-pan batteries with the fire under the kettles have given way to steam pipes and vacuum pans and pumps, and steam siphons have replaced the hand buckets and dippers which used to transfer the juice and syrup from one kettle to another. On some of the smaller plantations, however, the old order of things prevails, and the sugar house is as picturesque and interesting as it was when slaves whistled and sang at their work, for the sugar-making season then was a feast of sweets and a succession of jollities.

The sugarcane is ready for the harvest in the first days of October. The tall cane, with its "arrow" shooting up to the plume, has been growing and secreting its sweet juice all summer, and when some of it has been

cut and the field has been plowed, the field hands slash the field with their machetes, and the cane is cut off as far down as the experienced cane cutter believes the maturity of the cane will permit. For, while the sugar planter wants every inch of cane which will yield up sugar, he does not want to grind and handle an inch more than is necessary. As soon as the first

canes are cut, the field hands begin work at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, and cut enough cane during the day to keep the mill supplied while they are cutting, and at the same time to pile up enough cane in the cane shed to feed the mill all night. The cane is first weighed while on the wagon on platform scales, and it is then dumped in



BOILING THE CANE JUICE.

the cane shed, which is an open, heavily built wing of the sugar house. The cane which is to be ground at once is dumped near a traveling platform or conveyor, which carries the cane to the roller mill, where it is crushed. The cane shed is usually in possession of the colored women, who take up the cane by the armful and spread it on the moving slats of the conveyor, which is inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees so that the cane is brought directly over the sugar mill. The cane is not dumped on the carrier without regard to an even distribution, but is placed on so that it is fed between the rollers in an even thickness. If too much cane were placed on one side and too little on the other the expensive, all-important rollers might be broken because of the uneven pressure.

The wagons follow each other rapidly, and while one gang of women is attending to the carrier another gang is cordoning up the surplus cane for the night shift.

The roller mill is a ponderous piece of machinery, massive in all of its parts, for sugarcane has a tough, hard skin and cannot be crushed by tender methods. Two mills, one of three and the other of two rollers, constitute the five-roller system, and nine rollers are used in some mills. The cane, carried to the first mill on the conveyor, first passes between three rollers, two of them over one. As soon as the sugarcane is crushed or ground by this mill it becomes "bagasse," and, by another horizontal conveyor, is taken to the mill which has two rollers, one over the other, where it is squeezed again. This is the old method, rapidly passing out of use, for, compared to the modern way of making sugar, it is expensive and wasteful. Its one redeeming feature is its picturesqueness. But the hard-headed, cold-blooded, unsympathetic Northern men who have gone to Louisiana and built extensive sugar mills, with all that is progressive, scientific and modern, with their chemists and polariscopes, delicate saccharimeters and other instruments, electric lights and tiny locomotives for hauling cane, Corliss-valved engines and huge pumps, regard picturesqueness as so much lost motion and therefore a waste. They have arranged their machinery so that the sequence of manufacture is un-

broken, and the juice and syrup go from the mills to the clarifiers and on to the finished product untouched by hand.

Steam coils take the place of open fires, deep rectangular pans have been substituted for the kettles and rapidly revolving centrifugal machines do in a minute what the hogshead strainers did in a week. After the juice has been treated with lime and sulphur it is pumped into the first clarifier, which has a steam coil in the bottom. From one to the other of four clarifiers the syrup goes, skimmed constantly all the time, for when it is pumped into the vacuum pan no skimmer can get at it. Saccharimeter tests are made at every pan, and when the proper density has been secured in the last clarifier the syrup is pumped into a settling tank, and from there it goes to the vacuum pan.

The vacuum pan is described by its name. It is an inclosed spherical vessel with copper steam coils in the bottom, and can be made air-tight. An air-pump and condenser remove the air, thus making a vacuum. Sightholes are provided and a lamp throws its light through thick glass upon the syrup so that the concentration can be watched closely. In a vacuum liquid boils at much lower temperature than 212 degrees, the boiling point in open air, and as there is no atmospheric weight on the liquid the heat causes the liquid to boil furiously, with great jets shooting above the turbulent surface, as though a tremendous agitation were going on, yet the heat is nearly 100 degrees below boiling point. By using the vacuum pan the sugar maker avoids burning any sugar in the syrup and thus keeps his syrup from becoming brown. In

this curious inclosed airless kettle the syrup is boiled down under a slight heat until crystallization is effected, and then the valve at the bottom is opened and the whole charge is dumped into the mixer directly beneath the vacuum pan.

The mixer is a troughlike arrangement in which an agitator revolves—a long shaft with steel arms, which in revolving mixes the sugar, so that the crystallization progresses uniformly. When the grain is of the right size the mushy sugar mixed with its molasses is shoveled into the centrifugal machine. This is a kettle-shaped vessel which revolves 1200 times a minute. Its sides are perforated so that molasses in the sugar caught up by the centrifugal force flies through the perforations, leaving the sugar dry and snow white. The sugar is then dumped into the granulator and placed in barrels.

This sugar, although of higher grade than the sugar made by the open kettle process, is not as large grained nor as glazed as the sugar made in the refineries. Here the crude sugar is made into syrup, again strained through bone black filters, bleached, reclarified, put through vacuum pans, granulators and centrifugals, until the grain is large and the crystals well formed and glazed. The refining is a process apart from the sugar plantation and sugar house, and requires machinery which is too expensive and occupies too much space for the sugar planter.

The process of extracting sugar and sorghum syrup from the "early amber" cane of the Northern and Western States is almost identical with the Louisiana method, but the diffusion process used by beet sugar makers is altogether different.

Richard W. Thompson.

Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes, is still alive at the age of eighty-five. He has personally met every President of



R. W. THOMPSON.

the United States, except two. He recently published a book of recollections that has attracted considerable attention.

Process of Death by Electricity.

According to Professor J. Kratter, of Graz, who has for some time been performing experiments on the effects of electrical shocks on animal life, death is most usually caused by sudden cessation of respiration and consequent suffocation. During the suffocation the heart continues in action. If the asphyxia lasts more than a certain time, about two minutes, the heart stops, this being a secondary phenomenon. Generally speaking, the animals used, cats, dogs, rabbits and mice, were not easily killed by 1600-2000 volts alternating. The danger appears to lie in the nervous system, and to decrease with the amount of brain development. Frequently death occurs by momentary stoppage of the movement of the heart, but a slow cessation of the heart's action, such as has been observed in cases of human death, was never observed. In no case was any anatomical alteration observable to which death might be attributed, but there are sometimes lesions, breaking of blood vessels, and the diagnosis is rendered certain by the peculiar burning at the position of contact, and by the escape of blood from the capillaries, which indicates the path taken by the current. —Philadelphia Record.

The Evolution of Grandma's Arm Chair.



Judge.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Liked Them Well Grown—Onto Jack—Saved Again—An All-Sufficient Reason, Etc., Etc.

The Mamma—“At what age do you consider children most interesting?” The Bachelor Friend—“Any time after thirty.”—Judge.

SAVED AGAIN.

Teacher—“Johnny Green, point out Africa on the map.”

John—“Please, ma'am, it ain't polite to point.”—Truth.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF IT.

“You haven't read Brown's lastode, have you?”

“I think I have. It seems to me he last owed me \$18.”—Detroit Tribune.

THE BEST TIME.

Nodd—“My baby looks lovely when he is asleep. You ought to see him.”

Todd—“When shall I call?”

Nodd—“Anytime during the day.”

—Life.

RESENTED THE IMPUTATION.

Caller—“Wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?”

Little Boy—“Engaged? Whatcher givin' us? She's married.”—Boston Transcript.

OF PRACTICAL BENEFIT.

“What has become of Brown? The last time I saw him he had water on the brain.”

“He's the head of a reservoir company now.”—Judge.

ONTO JACK.

Dolly Swift—“The price-mark on Jack's birthday gift is quite plain—\$17.50.”

Sally Gay—“H'm! I wonder what it really cost?”—Puck.

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON.

Fond Parent—“Bobby, why will you always persist in pushing in the eyes of your little sister's dolls?”

Bobby (conclusively)—“Because I can't pick 'em out.”—Truth.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Bob's Widow—“Do you dare to sit there and tell me you consider yourself a better man than poor, dear Bob?”

Her Brother—“Of course I do, for he's dead.”—Judge.

A REASON.

Johnny—“I don't see how that young chicken can be so comfortable.”

Hired Man—“Why not?”

Johnny—“Why, because it is sitting on its pin-feathers.”—Puck.

INCREDIBLE.

Mr. Homeman—“Did you read that article about a football player getting shot the other day?”

Mrs. Homeman—“No, John; but, goodness me, you don't mean to say the game has come to that?”—Boston News.

SHE COUNTERS.

He—“I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother?”

She—“By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your father does, my dear.”—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

BASHFUL BACHELOR AND HELPFUL MAID.

Bashful Bachelor, nervous and fidgety, trying to remember a speech he had been rehearsing for an hour previously.

Helpful Maid, anxious and expectant.

B. B.—“My dearest, I—I have long wished to tell you that I am full—I mean my heart is full—my palpitating heart—I mean your smiles—dearest, would shed—would shed—

H. M.—“Perhaps, dear, we could live in a flat at first, and then we should not need a woodshed.”

(The all important date was fixed within five minutes.)—Truth.

SHEER FORCE OF HABIT.

“Does the razor hurt you?”

No reply.

“Is the draught too strong?”

No reply.

“Shall I shut the door?”

No reply.

“Awful fire last night!”

No reply.

“Shave you pretty close?”

No reply.

“Getting very chilly now!”

No reply.

“That was a very heavy thunder-storm last night!”

No reply.

“Shampoo?”

No reply.

“Trim your hair up a little?”

No reply.

“Brillantine on the moustache?”

No reply.

“Bay rum?”

No reply.

Then the barber, who was alone in his shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.—Tit-Bits.



WORK ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

run through a little handmill and the juice shows about fifteen per cent. of sugar the planter gives the word and the hands sharpen their broad cane knives.

They first strip the cane of its leaves with the dull side of the knife and then the tops are cut off as far down as the experienced cane cutter believes the maturity of the cane will permit. For, while the sugar planter wants every inch of cane which will yield up sugar, he does not want to grind and handle an inch more than is necessary. As soon as the first

canes are cut, the field hands begin work at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, and cut enough cane during the day to keep the mill supplied while they are cutting, and at the same time to pile up enough cane in the cane shed to feed the mill all night. The cane is first weighed while on the wagon on platform scales, and it is then dumped in

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

— I MEAN BUSINESS —

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward

— MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME, —

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

— YOU MUST EAT! —

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS,
REASONABLE PRICES

— APPEAL TO YOUR —

REASON POCKET HEALTH

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FEED, LIVERY
— AND —
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses board.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses bro-
ken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WI' SON,
Marlinton w. Va

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means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

Brown's
Iron
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It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Troubles, Constitution, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous Complaints.
Women's Complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red
lines on the wrapper. All others are
imitations. Get a receipt of two or three stamps we
will send out of Van Beest's World's
Fair Warw and book—free.

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and lot at Lethbridge. A first class stand
for a store. No opposition. Seven
miles from Academy, and ten from
Buck's Valley. Four miles from
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O. R. R. Survey. A promising town.
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FIRE FIRE
Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869
Cash Capital \$100,000.00

N. C. MCNEIL
MARLINTON W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. Va.
Shop situated at the Junction
of Main Street and Dusty Ave-
nue, opposite the postoffice.

FOR RENT! My store-house
occupied by P. Golden.
J. R. PEASE, Edray, W. Va.

Driftwood.

More snow and mud.
Miss Lena McLaughlin has re-
turned to her school, was gladly
welcomed by her many friends.

Mr. Gum, of Virginia, is to see
his best girl.

Mr. Jacob Townsend is in this
part on business.

We were disappointed Saturday,
as the river was too deep for Rev.
Alexander to cross.

Prof. Adams will commence a
singing school at this place soon.

We wish him success.

Miss Lizzie Wilfong, was down
last week.

Miss Bessie Dwyard, is visiting
her brother at Traveler's Repose.

Mr. John T. McLaughlin, made a
flying trip to Marlinton, last week.

Mr. Andrew Geiger's boat upset
with him while crossing the river at
Mr. Allen Burners, he swam and
reached an island, where he had to
remain till a boat could be made
before he could get out.

Mr. James Collins passed through
this part last week, on his way home
from Ronceverte.

Mr. Geo. Sheets has moved to
Swago. We will miss him very
much.

Miss Illa Sheets is visiting her
sister, Mrs. John Geiger.

Mrs. Geo. Tacy is improving.

TILDEN.

TRUTH forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Watching over all his own.—Sel.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere. Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain!

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

— Have Established a Firstclass —

Harness and Saddlery

— Store and Shop, —

— AT —

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed
in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COLD-
LARS, HAEDWARE, and
TEMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

A Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock
of latest and best designs, and
coffins can be furnished on short
notice.

Successors of G. F. Urm-
matt, who is employed by the firm.

— DEALER IN —

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully com-
piled at all hours, day or night. A
competent Pharmacist will have
charge of the Prescription Depart-
ment.

We invite everybody and promise

close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old

Stand.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSEEN,

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothng syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHLON,

Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria have won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All
High Grades

Waranted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:
GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is

High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however

Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business

awaits the right man. Get our

Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

— DEALER IN —

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25¢ AND 50¢ PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, S. C.

The Confederate Veteran
and the
Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 37.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clark County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clark Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Clerk of Circuit Court, G. E. Board.
Commissioners of Court, G. M. Rose,
A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Counselor, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W.
Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeil,
J. C. Arbogast.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock; Justice Cook, H. H.
Grove, Hintonville; Wm. L. Brown.
Deans: G. R. Curry, Academy.
Thomas Bruffey, Labria.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

Court of Appeals convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. G. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

HAS LOCATED AT

FROST, W. VA.

Call promptly answered.

A Fairy Tale.

The time seems to have come again when men are not afraid to talk of gigantic projections. From every source comes word of a railroad which is to pierce the great Appalachian Range from east to west north of the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. One late sketch speaks of it as being destined to open up a great country which is practically unknown. The writer seemed to ignore us who are living in these parts. Is it possible that during all the years that the county newspapers of this region have been calling attention to the great natural resources of these parts, they have failed to make it plain that there was such a country to be developed?

The article below is from the Baltimore *Sunday Herald* of March 31st. If it could only be true that eight millions of dollars are to be spent this season on this work, we would know ere long what effect a railroad would have on Pocahontas:

"STAUNTON, VA., March 30.—Of more than ordinary interest, not only to the people of this section of Virginia, but to those of West Virginia and Maryland, is the recent revival of the Chesapeake, Shenandoah and Western railway project. "The movers contemplate the construction of a line primarily from a point at or near Fredericksburg to Marlinton, the recently-created county seat of Pocahontas, W. Va., but eventually designs to create a continuous system from the great lakes of the Northwest to the tidewater, with the main line running at a point between Charles, or nearly so.

"The charter for this road was granted by the Virginia Legislature at its session in 1892, but to outward appearances the scheme has lain dormant since that time. Its projectors, however, have been quietly at work in the interior examining routes, making estimates, interesting capitalists and attending to the thousand and one things essential to the successful carrying out of a scheme of such magnitude. All this was done so quietly that to those who had not kept well informed in the matter the announcement that the charter fee had been paid and the charter turned over to the Old Dominion Construction Company was somewhat of a surprise, and the further announcement that \$8,000,000 was to be spent in the work of construction in Virginia this season has created a pretty general feeling that the projectors of the new "cross county" line mean business.

"At first sight, and particularly to those having a superficial knowledge of the topography of the territory through which the route lies, there would seem to be stupendous physical difficulties in the way, as both the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies must be crossed or penetrated before the road can be completed. "But both these barriers have been surmounted by the Chesapeake and Ohio, and careful surveys show that the new road can get through with easier grades, shorter tunnels and by a more direct and consequently less expensive route than that adopted by the Chesapeake and Ohio.

"Of the two ranges, the Blue Ridge probably presents the greatest difficulties, but it is not essential to the operation of the road that this portion of it should be constructed at once, as its traffic can be delivered to Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk and other points of commercial importance over either the Baltimore and Ohio, or the Norfolk and Western, both of which roads it will cross at right angles on its western course across the heart of the great valley. The route for this section of the road is not definitely settled, though it will probably surmount

the Blue Ridge at Brown's Gap, entering the valley and crossing the Norfolk and Western at Shenandoah or Port Republic; thence up the valley to the North River of the Shenandoah, six miles to Mount Crawford, whence it will cross the Valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio.

"This particular portion of the new road is the point of interest to this section of the valley just now. The natural route, if the topography of the valley and directness of the course are to be considered, is the point named, nearly equidistant from Staunton and Harrisonburg, and both towns want the road, with the chances probably somewhat in favor of the latter.

"One inducement Harrisonburg offers is that it controls the former rights of the road projected and partially constructed a number of years ago by R. N. Pool and his associates, which was designed to develop the same territory toward which the Chesapeake, Shenandoah and Western is headed.

"The saving in cost by the use of this already graded roadbed would probably more than compensate for the increased cost of construction necessitated by the detour of some 20 miles from the direct route in order to reach the Rockingham capital. A sort of preliminary showing of hands the other day developed the fact that the people of Harrisonburg had \$170,000 ready to put into the road if it came their way, with strong probabilities that this sum could be readily increased to \$500,000.

"Staunton, up to this time, has done nothing definite, and as the topographical conditions are not in her favor, the probabilities are that she will not be a factor in the new enterprise.

"The new road will capture

the valley of the New River, measures are to be taken in early date to bring the road in this direction. As to whether the road is worth striving for, and the nature of the traffic it will develop, a summary may not be out of place in this connection.

"At the western edge of the valley it enters Highland county, one of the most isolated sections of the State, so far as means of communication with the outside world is concerned; yet at the same time, probably the wealthiest community, population considered, within the borders of the Old Dominion. The "cattle on a thousand hills" are there, and, at the close of the grazing season, it is a sight well worth witnessing to see the hundreds of sleek bovines arriving in Staunton from the mountain fastnesses "on the hoof" for shipment to the Baltimore market principally, though many of them go to Philadelphia and to English ports. Highland is also a grain-raising section, but the difficulty of access to market confines the production of food-stuffs, outside of live stock, to about what is needed for home consumption. For the same reason her forests have remained practically untouched, and her mineral deposits undeveloped, though known to exist.

"From the crest of the Alleghenies the distance is but short into the Gauley basin—a region whose wealth of both mine and forest is so great and so clearly established that no less than five railroads are now entered in the race to secure the rich rewards that await those who penetrate that rich section and open the way for its products to reach the outer world.

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"The route for this section of the road is not definitely settled, though it will probably surmount

New River, the Chesapeake and Ohio could no longer control the coal market of this entire section by reason of the superior quality of fuel it claims to, and does, at present, supply."

Cross-Country Steeplechase At Mingo.

The above sporting event took place on Thursday, March 28th, in superb weather. The course was flagged out, over the Ward Fields, (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. E. Ward, of Lee Bell), which lie on the top of Mingo Hill, and was 1½ miles in length, with six log fences as jumps, which had to be negotiated by the horses.

There were several awkward twists and turns in the course—such as to try the mettle of the runners. The "going" was all that could be desired, the recent change in the weather having dried up the land. Mingo Hill afforded a splendid natural "grand-stand" for the crowd of spectators, who mustered up in great force, whilst the rocks and other "coigns of vantage" were taken possession of by enthusiastic sportsmen at an early hour in the afternoon. The "fair sex" graced the festive scene with their presence, and we noticed Mrs. A. D. Bruce, Mrs. B. H. Tuke, and Miss Earnshaw, all mounted on good-looking "palfreys," whilst Miss Ellen Bevan appeared "on wheels," accompanied by the son and heir of Newmarket, who thus made his *debut* on the turf. "More power to his elbow!"

Nine horses faced the "Official Starter," (Mr. James Hebdon), who was decked out in his "Sunday best," and looked "every inch a gentleman!" The following are the names of horses and riders, with the order they finished in:

L. Tuke's Tom, (owner).....1.....1
R. Hale's Harkaway, (B. Earnshaw).....2
E. Brook Hunt's Agent, (J. Bunk).....3
E. Hebdon's Miss Muffet, (owner).....4
S. L. Green's Dandy Dick, (owner).....5
A. D. Bruce's Malibran, (Hainstock).....6
A. Bruce's Molly, (F. Anderson).....7
R. Hale's Blunderbus, (A. Bruce).....8
H. Earnshaw's Confidence (A. Lawson).....9

Much regret was felt for Mrs. A. D. Bruce, whose entry, Harlequin, got crippled on the very morning of the race, for he was a hot favorite for the event.

At 3 p. m. the start took place near "Fander's House," and it was soon evident that the spectators were to be treated to a "nip-and-tuck" race. The first fence was successfully negotiated by all the contestants, and away they raced, in a cluster, down the first meadow and across the Barny Lot Run, where no luckless wight got drenched, although the stream was swollen to unusual proportions. The second fence presented an awkward take-off, and the "field" soon got spread-eagled; but away they go—the pace was too hot to inquire after damages! At the Trough-Spring School-House fence Mulibran (a strong favorite) swerved, and, as it would take a ten-acre field to turn him in, it was seen that his "bolt was shot!" Harkaway now took up the running, closely followed by Tom—both going at break-neck speed all down Mr. E. B. Ward's "Big Meadow," at the bottom of which there was a nasty jump, followed by a sharp turn at the gate by the "Ward Scales. The sporting owner of Dandy Dick (the famous winner of last year's point-to-point race) mistook the scales for a half-way house, and dismounted (against his will) to "get a drink!" A man was sent to this identical spot, on the following day, armed with a sack; but says he failed to pick up the pieces which are supposed to have been chipped off the renowned "Squire of Cheat Hall."

The "neck" was brought up by Molly (who was ridden, every ounce, by Frank Anderson, his first appearance over a steeplechase course), and Confidence, who seemed to be enjoying a go-as-you-please race all to themselves.

Over the river the horses dashed whilst the colors glittered gayly in the sun, and then the point to test the capabilities of the horses ap-

peared in view, in the shape of a short but steep hill, with a fence at top. Up this they crawled, closely followed by Agent, with Miss Muffet, Blunderbus, and Molly somewhat in the rear, the lot being whipped in by Dandy, (whose jockey now rode like a giant refreshed—after his big drink) and Confidence. Over this fence they came in the above order, which they maintained half way up the field, when Harkaway began to draw away from Tom. For a moment it appeared as if Harkaway would walk away, but Tom soon closed up, and the two came at the last fence at a racing pace. Tom hopped over, but Harkaway, catching the top rail, came down "wlop," leaving Tom to canter in an easy winner. Nothing daunted by his fall, the "Young 'Un" was up and on again, determined to get in for a place, while Agent, hard ridden, was being driven at his last fence. Harkaway's turn of speed enabled him to roll home, second, but it was evident that the race for third place would be hardly contested, as Miss Muffet, catching up Agent just before the last fence, the two "flew" it together, and then Jimmy Dunk and Tommy Hebdon (the coming feather-weight jock), sat down to ride "all they knew." Up the straight they came, neck and neck, and it appeared as if Miss Muffet would come in third, but by a piece of desperate riding, combined with good judgment and jockeyship, "Jimmy" won third honors for "John Bull" by half a length, amidst vociferous cheering. The beaming smile on our own "John Bull's" jovial "phiz" was the sweetest thing of the whole race!

Nine horses faced the "Official Starter," (Mr. James Hebdon), who was decked out in his "Sunday best," and looked "every inch a gentleman!" The following are the names of horses and riders, with the order they finished in:

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A. D. Bruce's Malibran, (Hainstock).....6
A. Bruce's Molly, (F. Anderson).....7
R. Hale's Blunderbus, (A. Bruce).....8
H. Earnshaw's Confidence (A. Lawson).....9

Much thanks is due to Mr. E. B. Ward for his kindness in allowing the race to be held over his land, and all were pleased to see his handsome face in the crowd. All returned home well satisfied with their day's outing.

"I freely confess that most of my fun,
I owe it to horse and to hound!"
Yours till the last whoop,

"THE CONFIDENCE MAN."

PLATO who stands at the head of his class as a wise and high minded philosopher, was forced by his reasonings to rest in the belief that matter was one of the two eternally existent principles, hence God's work simply consisted in molding matter into forms, and putting these forms to their respective uses. Others rejected this for the idea that matter is an emanation from God, so in the creation God put as it were a part of himself into the various forms under which nature exists. What Plato and all others taught conflicted more or less with the assertion that God created the heavens and the earth. Philosophers seemed to forget they were not present at the beginning of all things, and that such is the nature of creation that a knowledge of it is impossible aside from super-human communication, dealing as such knowledge with a period of time and a process of energy preceding the existence of the human mind, and hence outside the limits of mental possibility.

On Feb. 3rd, while Rev. Elijah Tiller was crossing the mountain, between Rock House Fork and Main Pigeon, on his way to fill an appointment on Rock House Fork, he was torn from his horse, presumably by some wild animal, and killed. The pieces of his body were afterward found by Crocket Hatfield. We received this information from Pleasant Chafin—Logan Banner.

It is said the big crops of Texas will keep the roads of that State out of the receivers' hands.

The Napoleonic revival has increased the demand for art works of every kind that refer to that period.

Every day emphasizes the impression, exclaims the New York Mail and Express, that China should have stuck to brie-a-brac and let war alone.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII, and the Hartford Journal thinks it is not far from it in this country to-day.

According to the latest census bulletin, Georgia's total population is 1,837,353, and of this number only 32,684 are of foreign parentage, or about 1.78 per cent. of the whole.

Commissioner Coombs thinks that the Salvation Army may be the agents for distribution of meat grown in Queensland all over England, as it is used largely in army depots.

Nicholas II. is gaining great popularity in Russia for his democratic ways, the New York Press facetiously observes. He has been known to drink a cup of coffee after it had been examined by only three expert chemists.

If any one believes that the interest in the horse is to give place before the inroads of electricity, let him attend some great "horse convention," suggests the Farm, Field and Fireside, and note the attention paid the splendid specimens of endurance and intelligence there on exhibition.

There are 50,000 more women than men in the State of New York. The universal law governing such matters makes the female population of a long settled country or district higher than that of one newly settled or partly developed, and so in the New England States the number of women is in excess of the number of men, while in the Western and Pacific States this is reversed.

What is practically the American dollar is in a fair way to be the unit of currency for the world, maintains the New York Independent. It rules this whole continent, and the Mexican dollar is the most popular coin in the East, and the Japanese yen is very nearly the same thing. Now the Bombay mint is beginning to issue what has been called the British dollar, which will have the support of banks and of British and Indian merchants from Bombay to Singapore and Japan.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: When we read that the late Count de Lescaps was ten years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that he saw both Napoleon and Wellington after that event, the great Corsican seems to be brought within sight of the men of our own times. The fact is, many persons now living might have seen him. Dozens of people in Atlanta were half-grown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and one lady now living here remembers seeing Napoleon when she was a little child.

About fourteen per cent. of the entire number of medical graduates drop out of the profession within a few years, avers the Chicago Herald. Some few never practice; others are tempted by better inducements into other fields of work; some are driven to suicide on account of failure; others succumb to contagious diseases; still more lose their health on account of exposure to inclement weather and accident, or on account of mental anxiety. Among these we must include those who become insane or who contract the alcohol, morphine or cocaine habit. Worse than all else, a few are driven into quackery.

Any one may make a mistake in the choice of life work, and it is no discredit to abandon practice. There are plenty of honorable employments for unsuccessful physicians; there are schools to teach, merchandise to sell, drugs to dispense, news to gather; at any rate there is coal to shovel and wood to saw. It doubtless seems a pity to sacrifice the investment of three or four years' hard work in the study of medicine, but it is cheaper than to sacrifice honor and prostitute medical science to quackery.

NOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

How shall I love you? I dream all day, Dear! of a tenderer, sweeter way; Songs that I sing to you—words that I say; Prayers that are voices on lips that would pray— These cannot tell of the love of my life; How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread Of life to a woman—the white and the red Of all the world's roses; the light that is shed On all the world's pathways, till light shall be dead!

The star in the storm and the strength in the strife; How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear? I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear! Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear? Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossoms there!

For grief or for glory—for death or for life, So shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife! —F. L. Stanton, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

JACK'S SURRENDER.

O, mother, no! It is absolutely useless! We may as well drop the subject."

My mother held her hands towards the fire—plump little hands covered with rings, the last coquetry of her sixty years.

"Jack," she replied, sternly, "you are as headstrong as your father used to be. When he was of your age he would not listen to a word about marriage. Poor man! He much preferred his famous Bachelors' Club, and swore to remain faithful to its laws. But, mark my words, before you know it, you, too, will be walking up to the altar, my friend. 'Où le père a passé ses bons enfant!' (The son follows in the footsteps of his father)—Alfred de Musset tells us."

"Oh, that's all very well," I cry, "but in my father's youth the girls were not full of notions like these of to-day; they were modestly educated young girls, the extent of their ambition being to read a sonata, write a correct note, and make a fairly graceful courtesy. But now—"

"Well, Jack, you are not complimentary, to say the least," interrupted my mother. "It is your opinion, then, that the girls of my day were little more than simpletons?"

"I beg your pardon, mother, dear! But even you must admit that formerly the education of young girls was much less pretentious, and I think more consistent, than that of our little blue-stockings; for when they left boarding-school they had only enough instruction to enable them to understand the pages of a romance or follow a conversation; not enough to humiliate their mothers, and not infrequently their husbands as well. From their infancy they were prepared to fill the roles of wives and mothers, and the happy husband could sleep contentedly every night in the assurances that the 'angel of the fireside' would superintend the desserts and darn his socks conscientiously."

Mamma started impatiently from her chair.

"Jack, it seems strange that a woman of the old school should be obliged to combat your prejudices. But I assure you, my dear, that in my time the majority of those 'angels of the fireside,' whose praises you sing so loudly, were very shallow girls. What girl of spirit would be contented with the secondary role that you men would like to impose upon her? No, no! It is not the learning of your wife which frightens you, young man; it is your own ignorance. Oh, it is nothing more nor less than self-conceit! If you had not been afflicted with laziness while in college you would fear comparisons less!"

"Oh! oh! mother you're too bad!"

"You maintain, then, that Latin, Greek—a college education, in short—is incompatible with modesty, grace, sweetness and the domestic qualities of a woman?"

"I do maintain it most emphatically."

"Very well. Go to Mme. Desjardins with me this evening. There shall be no more talk of marriage. It is simply an unceremonious call. You will see the twins, and can judge for yourself, my son, since you have so slight a regard for my experience. You understand that you are free to do exactly as you like. In fact, you need come to me for no information or advice on the subject. Go and dress, my son."

Marry a baccalaureate! Heavens! when I heard my mother's wish I felt a shiver run down my back. Look here, mamma, you may as well be honest and say outright that you are planning my death, and by what means! Why not throw me overboard and done with it?

The absurdity of proposing a B. A. to me? To me! a man thirty years of age—a man of sense, I can honestly say—who would only enter the road

to Hymen with the caution of a Sioux Indian! Alas! cruel mother, what have I done to you? Have I not for love of you heard *La Dame Blanche* eight times?

From the bottom of my heart I entreat Vichy and its waters. Vichy with its shady walks, Vichy and its promenade concerts, where mothers in quest of sons-in-law meet mothers in quest of daughters-in-law. Was it not there under the shades of the park that Mme. Desjardins and my mother met after years of separation? Was it not there that they formed the first conspiracy against the security of my bachelorthood?

Here we are at Mme. Desjardins!

"My dear friend, let me present my son."

"Little Jack!"

I am annoyed by this exclamation. I feel that my appearance in the drawing-room is made ridiculous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy, in the golden days of black marks and whippings. It is very delightful, I am sure, and I ought to be charmed; but thirty unknown faces stare curiously at this "little Jack," with a respectable mustache, whom Mme. Desjardins finds "much changed." Great Scott! I should hope so, in fifteen years! Confound her reminiscences of childhood! She might as well talk of my first kilts or inquire if I have brought my hoop.

Fortunately Mme. Desjardins adds a few words of gracious welcome which restore my breath, and mother turns to introduce me to the young ladies.

The Misses Desjardins are twins, a blonde and a brunette. They are of the same stature, and dress alike even to ribbons; but here the resemblance ceases.

Miss Martha, the blonde, is a beautiful woman—too beautiful, for simple mortals. A Greek goddess! a Pallas Athene! Her features are pure and cold; her rich black hair forms a royal diadem about her head. Rose is less of a woman, less imposing.

A real Greuze, this young girl!—bewitchingly pretty, with her little Parisian nose, her dimpled cheeks, and fair hair which looks as if powdered with gold. What a smile! What a voice—so sweet, so sweet! A veritable child, whom one might still suspect of playing with her dolls when no one is by, in spite of her nineteen years—and a child who surely is no Bachelor of Arts.

Mamma had never mentioned the name of the learned Miss Desjardins, but who could dream of insulting this exquisite Miss Rose by even a suspicion?

The other is the baccalaureate. I am sure of it. Could she have appeared, draped like a statue in the salons of the First Empire, she would have struck wonder to all hearts! Her rich voice, a vibrating contralto, must show to advantage in scanning hexameters. I can appreciate her taste. Great Scott! Greek must be becoming to this classic beauty. What a thrill of admiration would run through an audience as she murmured in the original: "The Plaints of Tpalgenia!"

A little informal dancing is proposed. I offered my arm to the little Greuze. So much the worse for the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene. Between two waltzes I had an opportunity to talk with my charming little partner, who glides about like a fairy in a cloud of blue gauze, a fan of pigeon feathers beats against her delicate breast, like the wing of a dove.

In a quarter of an hour I feel that I am competent to judge of Miss Rose. She is bright, but I take care to keep the conversation on simple topics. She would find it difficult to display much learning!

She is a good little girl, very acute, rather roguish, but simple, frank and unassuming. She loves music, can sketch cleverly, and last year, while visiting her aunt in the country, she had a delightful time making preserves. Dear little Greuze! What delicious preserves yours must be! and what an adorable little housewife you must make, in a large white apron, your sleeves rolled up to show the dimples in your elbows!

Look! you can see them now, just above your gloves. What a sweet picture!

Surely, I have found the dream of my life—dear, rosy, ingenious little wife, who makes preserves!—"Jack, dearie, taste my jelly." How these words go to a man's heart! What baccalaureate would ever condescend to call me "dearie?" She would never make me preserves.

Thus I rush into it. I divulge my theories upon the education and destiny of woman. Wife and mother—the Angel of the Fireside, no more, no less. Silly I send a few arrows flying against the pedestal of the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene, and I praise with rare tact, I flatter myself, the art of housekeeping, which I am sure Miss Rose understands to perfection. But I immediately repent. She blushes with modesty, poor child! Perhaps, too, she is a little hurt to see her sister's baggage classique so little appreciated.

Quick, I must repair my blunder. I will ask Pallas Athene for a quadrille.

"Well, Jack," said mamma, when comfortably installed in the coupe which was carrying us far from Miss Rose, "do you regret having thrown away your evening, my son?"

"Thrown away" is rather severe.

Mamma! Had Mme. Desjardins and her daughters been much less charming, I should not have regretted accompanying you when you wanted me to do so. But my opinions are unchanged, I confess; baccalaureates have no charm for me."

"As you like, my son. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion."

What was the meaning of the smile, half-satisfied, half-roguish, which flitted across mamma's face, under the shadow of her white lace scarf?

Oh, Rose! Rose! Every night my dreams are haunted by your dress of azure blue. Why, oh Rose, are your eyes the color of your gown? Why do tiny curls escape from the coil of your fair hair to nestle tremblingly in your neck, like a pale smoke, a golden mist? Why do gay dimples spring in your velvety cheeks when you smile? Above all, why, "oh Rose of May, sweet Rose without thorns, has heaven placed you beside a gorgeous but perfumeless tulip, glowing like a flame in the pride of her beauty?"

Rose, you have made me faithless to the classic beauty. For me your sister Martha possesses only the cold majesty of a statue; a religious awe steals over me when gazing on your pure face. Rose, I am only happy near you!

Thus my thoughts wandered for eight long days. Was it my thoughts alone? What was there to prevent the straying of my heart as well?

I have seen her again! I see her now every week. I have a standing invitation to Mme. Desjardin's Wednesday evenings, and she, with her daughters, comes regularly to mother's Friday receptions.

My mind is filled with a collection of portraits representing Miss Rose in various guises. Miss Rose in her fairy-like ball dress, Miss Rose in an exquisitely fitting calling suit of delicate gray, Miss Rose in a white house dress, adorned with a dainty Russian apron. But in these various aspects she is always the same little Rose, whose sweet graces have gone to my very heart.

One morning I rushed into my mother's room.

"Mamma, I love Miss Rose. I must marry her. Put on your calling dress as quickly as you can. Take a carriage, fly to Mme. Desjardin's, and tell her that, if she refuses to let me marry her daughter, I shall be wild with despair—that I shall drown myself—that—"

"Well, well, John, not so fast, I beg," replied, mamma, quietly. "It is not customary to make an offer of marriage at 9 o'clock in the morning. Besides, my dear," she added, as she placed her coffee-cup upon the dressing table, "you must remember our compact. You are not to ask advice, information or assistance from me. Marry whom you like. Arrange matters as best you can. It is your own affair."

Decidedly, mamma is still vexed with me. Very well; I will do without her advice and assistance. This evening, yes, this very evening, I shall lay my heart, my name, my fortune and my life at the feet of my dear Rose."

The day passed in an agony of hope and fear. And to think that I, practical man that I am, kissed at least a hundred times a flower stolen from my idol! And I gazed at that flower like a school girl dreaming over a faded marguerite as she thinks of the vows of her cousin.

There is a concert and ball at Mme. Desjardins's.

In the bay window—she wears the blue tulle dress—I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open the windows of the ballroom! When happy couples, a black coat and a light dress, stray out upon the balcony to gaze up at the stars. When the air is filled with the intoxicating odor of the dewy foliage.

Does Rose encourage me to confidences? She seems vaguely melancholy, and the smile has fled from her lips. Our talk is serious, and is interrupted by those long pauses when the heart seems full to bursting. Strange! It seems as if a new being were gradually being evolved from the young girl I have known. Rose seems like a woman to me now; yes, like a woman who still retains the sweet naivete of a child.

The glimpse I catch of this unknown person throws an irresistible charm over my already stricken heart. What an infinitude of perspectives is unveiled to my view: child, woman, trust me! Do not hide from me long under the mysterious treasures of tenderness half hidden by the sweet purity! We are alone. The stars watch over us. I cannot help but adore thee.

I bend towards her. Suddenly, behind us, there is a movement of chairs and a rustling of dresses. Whispers interrupt me.

"The Mariani is going to sing," murmur the voices.

Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to me! I am vexed at the interruption. But soon the light chords of the prelude reach us, like the awaking of birds in the fields at break of day; then a voice is heard above the rustling of fans, a magnificent voice which calms me, moves me, penetrates to my very soul, and I feel a great wave of happiness pass over me.

She sings:

Maiden, hasten to my prayer!
Listen to me, I implore!
My heart will surely break,
And for all thy dear sake!
Maiden, I love thee
As I have never, never loved before!

Heaven! I lose my head—I see the trembling hand resting upon the window sill. Rose starts. Sing on, blessed voice! sing on, and whisper to my beloved all that fills my heart. And yet I dare not speak:

Pain would I serve thee,
My lady love, my queen.
Lo! wherefore this prostrate I'm kneeling.

Ah, trust me, and I will faithfully yours,
But my own: my wife! my love!

A round of applause follows. I bend towards my darling, who smiles, but seems ready to cry.

"Rose, Rose, do you understand? Rose, will you trust me that I may prove my faithfulness to thee? Will you be 'my own; my wife; my love'?"

She sighs, she trembles! "No, I am not mistaken! She loves me! She loves me!" I read it in her eyes!"

"Rose, I love you. I adore you for your simplicity, for your sweet naïveté, for your adorable ignorance of the life and ways of this world. In you I find my ideal of what woman should be. One who has lived a quiet, secluded life in the bosom of her family, happy in the sweet home life that is the scorn of pedants and blue stockings. You are the companion of my dreams. Oh, Rose, my Rose—say that you can love me!"

She grows pale, then red; and the tears fill her eyes; then she becomes paler still, and replies very softly, but calmly and sadly:

"No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal woman. You have so often described her to me, so often and so cruelly, perhaps, that I might almost ask myself at this moment if you are mocking me. But I feel that for the time being, at least, you are sincere. You love me, you say, because I am simple and gay, as girls of my age should be; because I do not scorn home life, and because I make a fairly good hostess. But you wouldn't love me any more, I'm afraid—you would find me ridiculous, you would leave me in disappointment, if you knew—"

"Knew what? Rose, for heaven's sake?"

"I am surprised that you do not know what all our friends know—your mother as well as any one. I have—I am—I am a Bachelor of Arts! And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself."

"No, it is not my sister. Unfortunately it is I," she sobbed.

"Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why can't I throw myself on my knees before you here in the bow window and make honorable amends for my stupidity? Ah, fool that I have been, and how blind! Here I have caused this angel of simplicity to blush for her learning! I have wounded and humiliated her! But how could I have dreamed that fate had reserved such a rare treasure for me? Such a mind, united with sweet womanly grace and a true heart. Rose, speak to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, but tell me that you love me, even if it is in the language of Homer! Oh, Rose! I will study my forgotten delections to please you, and we will discuss philosophy together by our fireside! Have I obtained my pardon? Will you believe me, my dearest?"

She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Mariani repeats once more with her divine voice the impassioned love song:

ELECTRIC COOKING.

THE OLD-TIME KITCHEN TO BE REPLACED BY ELECTRICITY.

Cooking, Washing, Heating and Lighting Will Be Done by Electric Currents—Devices Already in Use in Some Houses.

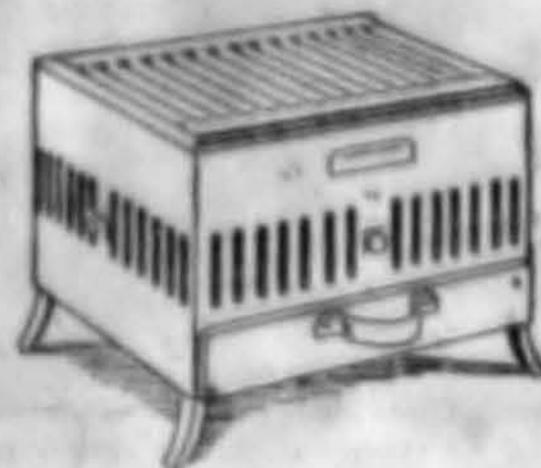
HOUSEKEEPERS have not generally recognized and welcomed the electric current as yet because they are not well acquainted with this stranger, who enters the house so stealthily and will do everything—with such wonderful efficiency. But electricity's merits as a domestic servant are becoming better known every day, says the New York Press.

"It won't be long," says a woman who has cooked with it since the apparatus was first invented, "before the current will be universally used in the preparation of food, and then cooking will become a real art. The kitchen may be a room of delightful, even luxurious appointments, and the mistress of the house will be the cook."

The realization of this dream of an emancipated kitchen—emancipated from the ashes and slowless and uncertainty of coal—has been delayed somewhat, the chief difficulty being objections on the ground of danger of fire from the heated utensils.

Inventors have recently perfected devices, however, which minimize the chances of fire. All utensils likely to grow very hot in use are incased in slate or marble—non-conductors of heat. These stands are not necessary for tea kettles and coffee pots, whose temperature never rises above 212 de-

"Look into the oven," she said. "That will convince you." It isn't necessary to open the electric oven to



THREE SECTION BROILER.

see within far. You look through a little glass window. A tiny incandescent light illuminated the interior, and showed a fat turkey and a small thermometer, which told exactly how much heat was giving him the appetizing color. The cook took a critical glance herself.

"It won't hurt him to have a little more heat on top," she said, as she turned a screw. "You see, I can have the heat wherever I want it. In the bottom and about the sides of the oven and other utensils are coils of metal which offer resistance to the current. This resistance you probably know makes heat. It comes so quickly and in such abundance that this ten pound turkey will cook in an hour and a quarter, although three hours is the time in an ordinary oven. I put my soup on after the stock has been prepared, and turn on the current. In four minutes it is ready to serve. I can boil it in another way. It is done with this queer utensil." The cook picked up an object which looked more like a stocking darning than anything else. The wires enter the handle and heat



THE ELECTRICAL COOKING STOVE.

green. They are attached to wires, which will pull out and shut off the current if the utensil is knocked over. Flat irons are so connected that when the current is turned off the iron cools.

Several residences in this city are being fitted with electrical cooking and heating apparatus. A prominent hotel is using the current for part of its cooking. Two of the biggest and fastest of the ocean greyhounds are heated by it, and their owners are contemplating its adoption in their culinary departments. In one residence the cooking, heating and lighting are all done by the swift and tireless current. It is a Brooklyn house, the home of J. Foster Peabody, in Monroe place, in which you can get the best idea of the kitchen of the future.

"Oh, you want to find out about the electricity," said the young lady to whom the Press reporter was referred when he had made known his errand. "It is delightful. But, of course, you want to see for yourself. The cook is preparing dinner, but electricity in the kitchen is her one weakness, and I think she will tell you something of it and let you look at the utensils even at this rather inconvenient time."

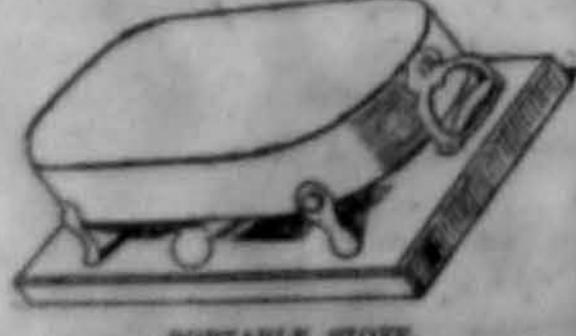
A mingled aroma of roasting turkey, boiling onions, turnips and cranberry sauce was perceptible as I followed my guide toward the kitchen. We entered a bright room, where, in place of the range, is a sort of big table, with shelves behind and beneath, and at one side a square board, upon which are levers and thumb-screws. The water in the tea kettle was bubbling merrily. There was nothing at all strange in the appearance of these

the broad end, which is thrust into the uncooked soup. Almost immediately it begins to bubble and sputter, as if in protest of this strange thing, and in a minute or two is done.

"My mince pies," continued the cook, "will be baked in ten minutes to a beautiful golden brown and will be exactly the same on the top and bottom. A whole dinner can be cooked in an hour and a half. The coffee, tea or chocolate is made at the table with electricity, of course. These improvements are making me lazy, I fear. I don't get up hours before breakfast now, and come down to the kitchen to stare at a cold and dirty range, and then get down on my knees and scrape and rake for half an hour, and even then be uncertain whether the fire is going to burn or not. I get breakfast ready in twenty minutes. Then the ironing! I used to dream of the big pile of white clothes that I dreaded to do. I don't feel that way now, because the electric irons save so many steps to and from the stove. The wires run into the iron and keep it just the right heat as long as it is being used."

Things were steaming and sputtering, and the dinner required the whole attention of the cook, so I took my departure to other parts of the house. Down into the cellar a long, funnel like structure of wood conducts the air from the street into a big pipe to the top of the house, where the warm air is distributed through other pipes. On the inside surface of all of the pipes are coils of wire, over which the current flows, heating the metal, which in turn gives warmth to the air on its way to the various apartments. The apparatus is, of course, separated from the woodwork by a non-conductor of heat. In some of the rooms are portable electric heaters, which are obviously better adapted to general use than the expansive system of pipes they supplement in the Peabody House. The principle of heating is, however, exactly the same in both. The air of the room enters the heater from below, passes over the hot surface and flows out at the top.

It had grown dark by the time both the cooking and heating apparatus had been passed in review. "The lights, Mary," came a voice down the stairs, and the gloom is dispelled by little incandescent lamps, which shone from cozy nooks, and gleamed softly everywhere through the house.



PORTABLE STOVE.

utensils, except the mysterious green cord attached to each. A middle aged woman, in a spotless white apron, looked up with a smile when she learned that I wanted to see if electricity really does cook.

A prominent cooking teacher was asked about cooking by electricity. "You have come to an enthusiast," she said. "Electricity is grand. The heat doesn't go up the chimney; it stays just where you want it, and you can control it with a turn of the wrist. It is true economy of fuel, and economy is the soul of cookery. There is another point. The quicker a joint of meat is cooked the less will be the loss in weight and flavor. There is economy again. Of course we cannot overlook the vastly better cooking which even scientifically regulated heat and utensils unsoiled by soot and coal dust will lead to; nor the easier, daintier cooking which the absence of fires and ashes will permit. When electricity comes into general use ladies will attend to their cooking personally, instead of leaving this most important element in domestic happiness to incompetent servants, and then there will be culinary art in fact as well as in name."

"But," continued the teacher, with a smile, "there is one thing to be feared from the introduction of electricity. Bachelors could cook dainty breakfasts in their own rooms with such delightful ease that they wouldn't think of marriage. The young man would need only two or three utensils—indeed, a chafing dish would do it all. When he arose in the morning he could put on his electric stove whatever he chose, turn on the current and before the completion of his toilet breakfast would be waiting. The ladies will naturally think twice before allowing bachelorthood any such ease and charm as that."

The drawback to the general adoption of electricity in the household is the expense of the current. At present only families of wealth can afford it. With improved machinery and dynamos, electricity is, however, slowly but inevitably becoming cheaper. It cannot be many years before the electrical kitchen will be within the reach of any family of very moderate means. Already along streets where trolley cars run electricity is used for sewing machines and even for pumping. With the electrical utensils herewith shown almost any household may do away with the oil or gas stove.

Twelve Years of Congress.
Chairman W. L. Wilson, of Congress, defeated for re-election last November, is to write a book. It is to be a political history of Congress for the past twelve years, during



WILLIAM L. WILSON.

which period he has been a member of the House of Representatives.

The work will be begun after March 4 next at Mr. Wilson's home in Charlestown, W. Va., where he expects to resume his legal practice.

To Set Fire to a Pile of Snow.

When you go out in winter while there is snow on the ground, says La Science en Famille to its boy



GETTING FIRE TO A PILE OF SNOW.

readers, do not forget to put a few bits of camphor in your pocket. They will prove useful to you for playing an innocent little trick that will surprise your companions, whom you have previously told that you are going to set a pile of snow on fire.

After gathering a small quantity of snow and arranging it in a conical pile, place in the summit of it the few pieces of camphor in question, the color of which will sufficiently conceal them, and which will pass unperceived unless a very close-by observation is made.

Now apply a lighted match to the camphor and the latter will immediately take fire and burn with a beautiful flame, to the great surprise of spectators who are not in the secret.

Flanagan's Invention.



Finnegans (struggling up the ladder)—"It's a fool I am not to thought of this thirty years ago."—New York World.

Well Spoken Of.

A certain Mme. Cresswell died in Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds to have a sermon preached, in which nothing but what was well of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was as follows: All I shall say of her is this: "She was born well, married well, lived well, and died well. For she was born at Shadwell, married to Cresswell, she lived at Clerkenwell, and died at Bridewell."—Tit-Bits.

A Prolonged Farewell.



9 p. m.



10 p. m.



11 p. m.



12 p. m.—Munsey.

KUHLBACH.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!

The pretty birds in their nests are still;

We watched the sun as he sank from sight,

Over the tree tops on you for all.

Two stars have come since the daylight went

Away over there in the sky's dark blue,

They must be angels that God has sent

To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!

I hear the frogs in the meadow call;

They croak and croak in the evening light,

Down in the pond by the old stone wall,

I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers

Never to fear, though the world is dark,

They know the sleepy lights the houses

All night long with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!

Dear little head, with your silly hair,

Dear little form that I hold so tight,

Cosy and warm in the nursery chair!

White lids are veiling the eyes so clear,

Over their brows the fringes sleep,

Slower and slower I rock you dear,

My little girl is asleep, asleep.

—Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Only the untried man wholly trusts himself.—Dallas News.

What nine men out of ten want is a home with hotel comforts.—Puck.

A preferred creditor is usually one that doesn't fight for prompt payment.—Puck.

These balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere.—Boston Transcript.

A man who is a complete failure is nearly always particularly fond of giving advice.—Atchison Globe.

It was a junior in the Abilene High School who wrote "Evening Dawned at Last."—Leavenworth Times.

An egotist reminds one of a lizard; top off a bit of him, he squirms a little and straightway grows on again.

Some future generation,
If we make no mistake,
Will kick about the biscuits
That papa used to bake.

—Detroit Tribune.

If you can't remember what the string tied on your finger was to remind you of, you are getting old.—Atchison Globe.

"That must be a very good book Jumper is reading." "Impossible. He seems to be profoundly interested."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A housekeeper up town says her grocer is so slow with his delivery that when she orders eggs the boy brings her chickens.—Philadelphia Record.

Morton—"Are you sure that Penam is really reconciled with his wife?" Crandall—"Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks."—Truth.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street-light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."—Yale Record.

Sympathy—"My lord," said an overworked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship, with a smile.—Tid-Bits.

Hostess—"I am going to ask you to take a charming widow down to dinner. Will you?" Burrows—"Certainly. I'll take her anywhere that there is a crowd to protect me."—Boston Transcript.

Long sobbed the tramp: the great wet tears
Left large and briny tracks.
"Pray what," quoth I, "if not too bold,
Your heart so sorely racks?"
"Alas!" sobbed he, "I've just been told
About this income tax."

—Boston Budget.

We often sneer at the Egyptians for being a slow people, but on the contrary they must have been a very busy race. Even the mummies appear to have been pressed for time.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily-dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?" "That is quite simple; your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Life.

"I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together." "Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I knew when I introduced them that she would be taken with him."—New York Press.

A Huge Moose-Head.

What is probably one of the finest moose-heads in the world was taken to Bangor, Me., this week by G. H. Crocker, of Fitzburg, Mass. The animal was shot up in Aroostook County at the Ox Bow, and the moose weighed 1400 pounds. It is about absolutely perfect in size, shape and spread of the antlers. The antlers spread sixty inches, and when it is considered that fifty-one inches is a large spread, some idea of the immense antlers of this moose is obtained. The largest set of antlers of which there is any record is sixty-one inches, and this moose surpassed that animal in the shape and formation.—Boston Herald.

A Stern Disciplinarian.

General Count von Heseler, of the German Army, is a stern old soldier and a strict disciplinarian. He has been known to stop a subordinate in the street and make him remove his boots and stockings to see if his feet were clean.—Chicago Herald.